

Shaw

by Blueshifted

Category: Halo

Genre: Drama

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2012-08-15 05:49:49

Updated: 2012-08-15 05:49:49

Packaged: 2016-04-27 01:09:33

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 3,157

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A clone super soldier goes rogue to discover the truth behind his existence and find closure for his prior actions.

1. Awakening

****Shaw****

Reach â€" Epsilon Eridani System

14 August 2517

"I've looked over the entire list of physical augmentations we'll be grafting onto the subjects. It doesn't even sound like they're going to be human."

"Scientifically speaking, they won't. Their bodies will be so heavily modified that they can no longer reproduce with their fellow species. This is going to be the first case of man-made speciation." Two men sat at a computer console peering over mountains of data. Calculations and obscure names danced across the screens while projectors emanated vivid models of human organ systems. The first stroked his hand through his long greasy hair and examined a dossier several times. He looked over at his co-worker.

"And you're sure that ONI is okay with this, Dave?" He asked skeptically. The second scientist had the physique of thirty-something Anglo Saxon. He turned over to a keyboard and tapped his name into the server mainframe. _David Fremont. _He then punched in his password and logged on.

"The UNSC is having a serious crisis with all of these insurrections. They need anything they can get their hands on," he replied without diverting his eyes from the screen. "No matter how questionable the ethics may be." The first scientist leaned back in his chair.

"Whatever, I just work here. As long as you can get the funding you need, then it's fine. I hear there are a lot of other programs competing with us for the money."

"Don't worry about it. We'll get the proper funding that we need."

"And what about that little science project Halsey is cooking up?" Dave's eyes darted across the screen and then stopped.

"Catherine is a smart girl, but not a real people person. She might just end up scaring the contractors away." He replied simply. Dave then changed the subject. "I need you to scan all of our subjects' DNA again to make sure that our modifications can be properly assimilated. The last thing we need is for their bodies to reject their augmentations." Dave's assistant leaned forward and began keying in different functions.

"Right away boss."

Reach â€" Epsilon Eridani System

27 August 2517

Dave's assistant strolled into his master's lab and slapped a manilla folder onto his desk. Dave peered up at his irritated assistant.

"Can I help you?" He asked. The assistant then leaned forward to answer.

"We lost funding to Halsey's Spartan program. The bastards at ONI didn't even have the courtesy to tell us via the net. Admiral Kryzinski personally handed this to me less than 15 minutes ago," he stammered. Dave exhaled and pressed his hand against his temple.

"I guess it's over then."

"It's not over. ONI didn't completely scrap the program. They reduced our funding to 2.5% of the original amount," he continued. Dave looked confused.

"But that means we only have resources to properly breed one specimen. Why didn't they just pull the plug completely?" His assistant's angry expression turned into concern.

"I don't know boss. When I asked the Admiral, he told me it was classified. Your guess is as good as mine." Dave stood up, moved over, and sat at his computer station. He then pulled up his project data and stowed all of it away except for the information regarding the first subject. With the click of his mouse he transferred the files to a small data crystal and plucked it from the console.

"I want you to take this to the cloning lab. This information is too sensitive to transfer via the net." Dave ordered and then scratched his head. "The UNSC wants a super soldier. Let's not disappoint them."

Reach â€" Epsilon Eridani System

02 February 2518

With the pain of a million small needles digging into his scalp, Subject One opened his eyes. The world around him was completely dark save for a dim light on the ceiling above him. Panting, he lifted his arms up and felt a thin, mucus-like membrane peeling away from his body. Cool air rushed into his exposed skin and sent a bitter chill down his spine. The ceiling light began to slowly increase in brightness until the entire room was illuminated. He sat in a cramped incubator-like machine in a completely white room. Small wires connected to various parts of his naked body collectively fed into a dialysis machine to his right. Confused, he scanned the empty cell for any sign of human life. Suddenly, an intercom that he could not seem to find began relaying someone's voice.

"Good morning Subject One. My name is Alexander Rodriguez," Dave told the subject from another room. "I know you are probably confused, but a physician will be with you soon to make sure you're in good health. I'm sorry to say that there is no easy way to put this. Only a few moments ago, your heart started beating for the first time." Subject One's breathing quickened. Through his brain, he could recall every language known to man and every piece of history leading up to today. However, he could not find a shred of memory about his life before that very moment.

"What's happening to me?" He inquired in a panicked tone.

"As of right now, nothing. You were born only a few minutes ago, but you are clearly the human equivalent of an adult with a complete range of motor functions and mental capabilities," he answered. "Now, I need to be very blunt with you. I have created you for the purpose of being the greatest warrior humanity has ever seen. You are smarter, faster, and stronger than any person to have existed. I can give you a full list of your physical augmentations in a moment. However, the most important thing for you to know is that we implanted a supercomputer about the size of your fingernail into your skull. With it, you can access almost any secure UNSC server. We aim to make you the most informed soldier on the battlefield. Your doctor should be here any moment." With that, a middle aged man walked into the room and sat next to Subject One.

"Good morning," he said with a smile. The doctor then swept his fingers across a data tablet. Subject One contemplated striking the doctor. He thought of swinging his bare fist at his head at unfathomable speeds. He thought of yanking the stool from which the doctor sat and cracking his skull with it. He thought of grabbing his neck and wringing the life out of him. Subject One licked his lips and began to remove the cords from his body.

"Well the good news is that you're functioning very well. You should be on your feet and fighting bad guys within a few days," the doctor informed him. "If not hours." He put his data tablet down and moved over to a console. "Right now, your on board computer is running at 1% efficiency. Almost all functions are disabled. I'm going to turn it all the way on. This may scare you." The doctor tapped a button three times and then flipped a switch. Instantly, a jolt of activity coursed through his head. Random displays and numbers rolled over his vision. Miraculously, he began to perceive interactions around him at a more rapid rate. Everything appeared to move more slowly.

"Now that everything checks out, we need you to clean up and get dressed. There's a lot that needs to be explained to you. After that, you'll be getting your first assignment," the doctor said.

Reach â€" Epsilon Eridani System

02 February 2518

Subject One studied himself in the mirror for more than half an hour. Tousled blonde hair had been cropped short over his pale skin. His physique was astonishingly chiseled. Solid muscle encompassed every part of his body. He reminded himself of the statue David. Remarkably, his own looks were more disarmingly handsome than his body.

The UNSC had provided him with an irregular set of clothes that didn't match any armed forces uniform that he could recall from his archives. They half resembled civilian clothing, save for the tough material they were made from. His data files showed it as being the same material open-air special operations teams use for their combat gear. He had an instinctual feeling that things were going to get rough.

When Subject One had finished cleaning himself up, he walked over to a cozy lobby where a high ranking general was eager to meet him. He stood up immediately at the Subject's entrance and did not salute. When he shook the general's hand he read his name tag. _Frederich_. _Underneath his name he could recognize the unmistakable pyramid that symbolized the Office of Naval Intelligence. The man was an ONI spook.

"Now I know this may all seem confusing to you right now," Frederich began in a friendly-enough tone. "But first and foremost you owe your allegiance to the UNSC." The general sat on a fuzzy beige armchair and motioned for him to do the same. "Do you understand me?"

"Of course," he replied almost immediately. While the general spoke he attempted to pull up all the data he could find on him. Subject One found nothing.

"The purpose of your enlistment is to conduct secretive and otherwise clandestine operations against active rebel and insurrectionist targets. You will work in a covert manner and blend in with the civilian populace when necessary. Finally, you are too valuable to the UNSC to lose. So failure is never an option." Subject One raised his eyebrow and crossed his leg.

"I want to ask, why do you trust me to accomplish any of these assignments? I never asked to help the UNSC. I never asked for any of this," he remarked, motioning to his body. "What's stopping me from walking out that door and never looking back?" The general sighed and leaned in close. He could distinguish signs of aging on the officer's face.

"Nothing is stopping you," he replied eventually. "And I always feared you would mention this. Now you may have the strength of an Olympic athlete and the intellect of a super genius, but you lack the experience forged morality of your human counterparts. You can be programmed to know what's right, but currently you don't know why it's right. Morality is something you need to figure out on your own.

If you come with us, you might just find that out." He thought about it for a second and ultimately ended back at the question of his own existence. He wanted to learn more about himself.

"Fine," he said. "I'm on board." The general smiled.

"Good. Your first assignment you need to prove your worth. It shouldn't be too difficult. In two weeks a marine battalion will raid an insurgent compound on Eridanus II. Among the denizens of said compound is a UNSC defector who could hold key information to the entire rebellion. You need to get there before the marines and extract him to ensure his safety. You will be completely alone. A finished dossier is being sent to you now." The general stood up and extended his hand. "Godspeed."

2. Trial By Fire

UNSC Argent Fury â€" Earth

12 September 2525

They called him ONI's shadow. Only the people who know of his existence, that is. To the high ranking admirals of the UNSC he was a figure of legend, but to the more powerful elite he was a serious topic. So sat Subject One in the claustrophobic auditorium of the UNSC cruiser _Argent Fury. _

The dangerous missions he constantly took on had slowly worn him away mentally. Each assignment was just more pain. Not physically of course. The hyper-active dopamine implants in his brain always kept him from feeling hurt. But it was an inner pain. He fought because he wanted to discover about himself what the UNSC eggheads couldn't. But each mission involved him killing more and more people. What was he really learning?

General Frederich strode casually into the empty auditorium and took a seat next to Subject One. He had not seen the man in seven years.

"You look like hell," the General remarked upon looking at him. Subject One crossed his arms and leaned back.

"I was about to say the same about you," he replied smartly. The general raised his eyebrows and then tried to change the subject.

"Harvest. It's a small almost completely remote planet in the outer reaches of UNSC space. Most notably, it's known for providing a majority of our food supply."

"I've heard of it." That was of course an understatement, for he had pulled up an entire file on Harvest and read it while the General spoke.

"Well the bottom line is that you're having a change in management. We need you on board UNSC _Revelation _within the hour."

"A stealth ship? What's going on?"

"Harvest has been under attack for seven months."

"Rebellion?" He asked. The General procured a Sweet Williams cigar from his pocket and took a deep puff.

"Ever heard of the Covenant?"

Harvest â€" Epsilon Indi System

4 March 2526

_ Savages. _Subject One thought to himself as he leaped over a large boulder. His feet made contact with the glassy ground and created enormous cracks on the surface. _They're all savages. _

He recalled earlier today as raptor-like entities called Jackals clawed each other over the charred meat of a fallen marine. He could vividly remember a massive Brute rip off a live human's head with his furry ape paws. Even more sickening were the faces of the men and women who had to endure the cruel pain beset upon them by the alien invaders. In one instance he witnessed a mother shoot her young daughter to prevent Covenant troops from capturing her.

He wanted to do something about it. He wanted to help those people, but he had his mission. Quietly, he skulked behind a lumbering Grunt. With a silent swipe, he plunged a knife into the small beast's jugular and twisted it with anger. The alien made no sound save for the gurgle of its blue blood pouring from its throat. He took its plasma pistol and disposed of the body. Fifty meters away, a small pack of Grunts were making their way toward his position. Quickly, he slipped into the shadows. He smirked at their obliviousness.

"One, this is Colonel Moriarty," a female officer suddenly stated into his communicator. "Do you have that tech yet?"

"Yeah, but you're going to have to wash a bit of blood off," he answered. A cold, ashy wind struck body. He didn't shiver.

"Wonderful. Before you bring it back for inspection you're being given one more task."

"I'm guessing it involves me killing Grunts or Jackals?"

"How about potentially saving hundreds of lives?"

"I'm listening."

"Good," she remarked. "As you may know, three marine companies from the 76th are currently combating covenant ground forces in Novy Kaliningrad."

"Yeah, I can hear the gunfire all the way from here."

"Our troops are taking a serious beating. However, intelligence shows that Grunt discipline disintegrates after even the most remote absence of leadership. They scatter like frightened animals."

"Get to the point."

"Intercepted communications have placed a Brute Chieftain in an abandoned hospital on the far outskirts of town, deep inside covenant lines. We have reason to believe that he's coordinating the battle. Eliminating him and his top lieutenants should degrade infantry morale to the point that our marines can gain a solid footing. You can save a lot of lives if you do this right." Subject One programmed a relay point on his Heads Up Display pointing to the hospital.

"I'm on it."

"And one more thing," she said, adopting a more serious tone of voice. "If for any reason the battle is lost, we will call a full retreat. Underneath the city is the fusion reactor that produces its energy. Overloading it should create an explosion big enough to potentially wipe out all covenant forces. But that's only a last resort. Do you get me?"

"Yeah," he answered and broke into a full sprint.

Thermal imaging placed the Brute Chieftain in a spacious emergency room with two others, whom he guessed were his lieutenants. One depressed the trigger on his detonator and blew the C12 explosives he had strategically placed outside the hospital. Within minutes, dozens of Grunts and Jackals flooded out of the building to assess the damage. He took this opportunity to slip in unnoticed. The emergency room was a large open hall with high ceilings. Strewn across the floor was a plethora of damaged medical equipment mixed with covenant technology. The Chieftain was on the far side of the hallway. His two lieutenants loafed to his right.

The Chieftain immediately noticed his entrance and growled. The lieutenants suddenly snapped back into reality and reached for their weapons. The leader held his arm up to stop them.

"You. You are the one who's been killing my warriors," he growled. One walked toward the enormous ape. "I will take pleasure in killing you," the Brute roared and lunged for him. He quickly sidestepped the surprise attack and landed a hard blow to the Chieftain's side. The Brute countered with a furious swipe to his head, but was easily dodged. One then made a gouging strike at his beady eyes. He emitted a thunderous roar and wildly swung at the human. Without time to dodge the attack he caught the Brute's arm with his hand and stopped him mid-blow.

"Impossible," the Chieftain muttered in exasperation. The stalemate lasted for only a few milliseconds before he struck at One again. The blow landed hard in his abdomen, knocking the air out of him. He felt blunt pain for a moment before the dopamine injections kicked in. "You are stronger than the other pathetic humans I have encountered," he remarked. "But not strong enough."

The Brute roared and attempted to tackle him. One easily slipped through his grasp and slid behind him. With superhuman speeds he plunged his knife deep into the Brute's spinal cord. The stab was located just above his massive shoulder blades and caused him to fall onto the ground completely limp. Unable to move his appendages, he called out for his lieutenants.

Before they could respond One dropped them both with his silenced magnum pistol. They were dead on the floor in two quick puffs. He

leaned over to the Chieftain's body and grabbed his hair, forcing them to lock eyes.

"I am strong. But I am no human," he angrily remarked. The Brute growled.

"You should have just killed me."

"I want you to tell everyone who I am."

"And what is your name, human?" Before he could answer he slammed the Brute's head into the ground, rendering him unconscious and cracking the floor tiles. One placed C12 charges on the Covenant technology and blasted them to pieces. He exited through a small window.

End
file.